....THE GIRL WHO WINS IN A WALK....

(By Katherine Morton.)

A WOMAN of 63 touring this country. Wheresoever she appears crowds flock to see her and every critic has something to say about the extraordinary youthfulness of this great French actress. Yet Sarah Bernhardt's face is lined and often haggard, and her eyes are unspeakably weary, but there are two things that keep this woman young; two things which preserve the semblance of youth; two things which age cannot destroy. The first is her marvelous facial expression; the second and most important in the way she carries herself—the way she walks. Sarah Bernhardt walks with the glide or stride of a young girl. Every movement is the personification of grace and youth. Her walk is one of her chief attractions, just as it should be one of the greatest charms of every woman, but unfortunately, women will spend hours in designing a walking costume, forgetting that in order to show it off well they must walk well.

To walk well is a necessary accomplishment. It is more important to the would-be beautiful woman than a Marcel wave in her hair of the latest liquid powder. For grace of body and perfect carriage outlast every other charm, and go to make the fascination and poetry of motion. All persons show their characteristics to a great extent in the manner in which they walk. You could never mistake the shrinking step of the timid woman for the self-assertive stride of the girl who is going to get there. My shoe maker tells me there is a meaning in the way people wear out their shoes.

"When I see a woman," says the man of boots, "with slipshod shoes worn down at the side of the heel, and with the toe of the shoe wrinkled and turned up, no matter how old that shoe may be, I've my opinion of the woman who wears it. She is slovenly to begin with, and undecided in character. A decided person steps out firmly, striking the ball of the foot first and wearing a hole there in the centre, too, in the course of time. That's where the saying comes from that it means money to wear a hole out in the middle of the shoe, for a person with a sure, firm tread has a decided character and is more likely to make money than the negligent, shiftless kind whose wobbly gait wears down the side of the heel."

The manner in which a woman walks denotes the state of her health, as well as the state of her mind. Walking is the best and easiest exercise, and probably for that reason we see so few people pay any attention to the way in which they walk or who study the art in order to know how it is done. A beautiful girl in a handsome tailor suit, with every appointment perfect, will stride down the street, swinging her arms like mill wheels, and the looks bestowed upon her are not those of admiration, as she fondly imagines. She may make an undulating movement of the hips only meant for the dance. Again, she may hold the upper part of the body too far back, or too far forward in the fashion called the Grecian bend of two years ago, and which died, as it deserved, a natural death.

None of the fads in walking are to be recommended for the young girl who really aims to walk well and gracefully. The Kangaroo, the Hockey and the College walk are only for the girl who strives to hide her natural awkwardness under affectation. To walk correctly, healthfully, gracefully, the body should be free, and no stricture of any kind should be allowed, neither tight corsets, tight collars, tight bands or even tight armholes. They should be comfortable and, last of all, one's shoes should be amply large and fit easily and naturally.

The one-time heavy, flat, commonsense shoe has given place to a shoe built on a better plan with a heel at least an inch high, and an arch that is fitted to support the arch of the foot. No woman can be graceful if she plunges along or walks jerkily. Nor can good results follow walking against time, as we are only too prone to do in these strenuous times. Again, many women take short, choppy steps. These make the gait awkward, besides being a strain on the nerve power of the walker. The ideal step is fairly long, just long enough to be comfortable, never long enough to give the ide of a mannish or stagy stride. The leg should swing freely from the hip, but without holding the knees stiff. As soon as the knee is stiff, just so soon the walk becomes military, and when the leg is moved without elasticity from the hip the walk is termed old or inflexible. In walking correctly the body is bent slightly from the waist. The waist muscles should be held up, and the chest erect and "leading," as Delsarte tells us.

A beautiful walk should comprise a series of movements, one melting into the other, without any apparent break. The women who walk best in the world are the peasant women who are used to carrying baskets or loads on their heads, and this sugestion is an excellent one to use when practicing. Set a book in perfect balance on the top of the head, and try to walk without letting it drop off. You will learn in this way to keep the head erect and the body perfectly poised. To acquire the free untrammeled step, the following exercise is useful, and will at the same time reduce the size of the hips where they are too large, and on the other hand develop them where it is necessary. Stand on a footstool or box. Hold firmly to a chair or to some solid object. Let one foot hang down on the side of the hassock. Stretch it out as far as possible and then swing it backward and forward. Exercise first one foot and then the other alternately, giving as much of a swing and stretch as possible.

A great deal has been written and said about the proper amount of exercise and the proper length of a walk for women. That every woman should walk, goes without saying, but it is just as bad to walk too much as too little, and women must suit themselves individually in this matter. The woman who in her own home is constantly walking up and downstairs, running to and fro, would certainly be unwise to try a regular five-mile walk daily and would find it more exhausting than invigorating and tonic in its effects. The woman who has many steps to take during the day needs a walk like every one else, but it must be a short one and diverting and relaxing rather than a rigorous exercise. During her walk she should try to get away from the nervous tension under which she is usually working. She should take things easily; she should learn how to stroll, that most calming and delightful exercise. Nothing is as good for the nerves as the ability to walk slowly and steadily. It is far removed from the American woman's temperament, yet every woman should cultivate the art of walking leisurely.

In slow movements she will find grace and harmony of carriage, and, what is even more to be desired, she will have an opportunity to enjoy calmly the natural beauties around her, for it is to be hoped that our girl takes her stroll in the park, if she lives in a big city, and that she keeps her eyes open to all the loveliness greeting her on every hand.

Most women when walking give one the impression of undergoing penance. They make haste to get over the ground and are entirely oblivious of their surroundings. This is the walk prescribed by the family physician, probably as a liver shaker, and, taken as bitter medicine, to be hustled through as soon as possible. This is not the walk that beautifies the body or brightens one's life, and yet that is what walking should be.

Whenever you take your walks abroad think a little more of yourself and less of your hurry to get over the ground. Watch your reflection in the windows of the shops, watch our shadow as it falls and see whether its lines are graceful or the contrary; whether you are bending backward, aggressively or gracefully forward. Watch for the fall of the foot, see whether you are resting your weight on the ball of the foot, whether you are toeing in or out, and, above all things, observe whether you are getting to enjoy the rhythmic fall of your steps, for it's the girl who keeps step, whether slow or in quick time, who wins in a walk.

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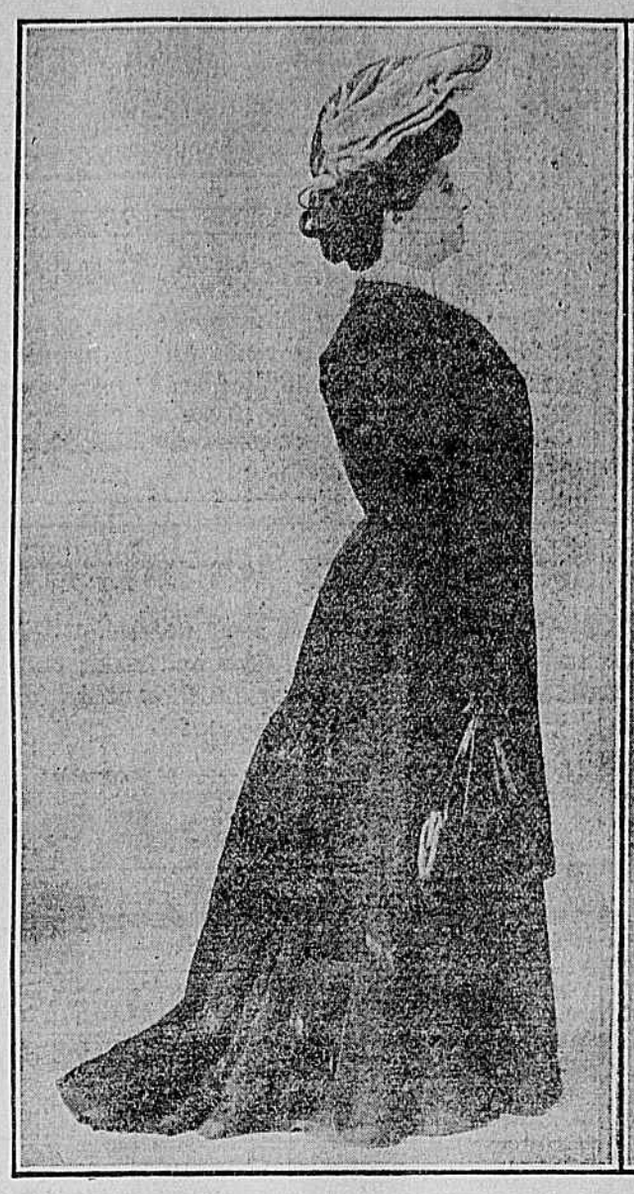

"THE GIRL WHO WINS IN A WALK."

"THE GIRL WHO SWINGS HER ARMS."

TWO VICTIMS OF CUPID.

By ANNIE LYLE CLAY IRVINE, Buckingham, Va.

Thornton sat in a large, comfortable easy chair in his brother-in-law's well furnished library, with a moody expression upon his handsome face. He was an attractive and popular young man, with an income of several thousand a year, but in spite of these pleasant facts, life to him was not entirely a bed of roses. To tell the truth, it was at present very much like a bed of thorns. Hence the moody expression.

Cupid was to blame for the trouble, of course. When a handsome young fellow with several thousand a year sits around looking moody, Cupid is usually to blame. A stinging arrow coming from the direction of a certain flat on Grace Street had made a painful wound in this young man's heart—a wound that ached and burned and would not heal. He had tried all manner of cures, but each, in its turn, had failed—miserably. There was absolutely no cure for this wound except the touch of a pair of soft lips and a certain expression in a pair of hazel eyes, and this one and only cure was not to be obtained.

It might have been obtained if it had not been for his unpardonable jealousy—if he had not spoken so hastily that evening when he went in unexpectedly and found Wickham sitting close, very close, beside her on the red sofa, and looking up into her face with that expression of adoration in his eyes. If Thornton had only held his tongue—later. But, confound it, how the deuce could a fellow stand some things and hold his tongue! Not easily, unless he happened to be deaf, dumb and blind, and Thornton, perhaps unfortunately, possessed none of these afflictions.

In his desperation he almost wished he had been struck suddenly with all three just before he entered the flat on Grace Street that terrible evening. He heaved a great sigh and clenched his teeth.

There came a wild clatter on the stair, and the library door was thrown open to admit the pride and joy of the household—Thornton's namesake nephew, whose name, in some mysterious manner, had been moulded over into Tad—John Thornton being quite too long for everyday use.

This Tad had a plentiful supply of freckles, a nose whose end tilted decidedly skyward, and a tangel of hair that was inclined to be "shocky," but about his eyes, not even his worst enemy, the old maid next door, whose cat he tormented, would have dared to make a disparaging remark. They were superb—large, heavy-lashed, with an expression in their blue depths that was simply and undeniably irresistible. Those eyes redeemed his whole face, and when one looked into them one quite forgot about the freckles, the upturned nose and the shocky hair. These were regarded as small and unimportant details, which only went to make up an altogether charming whole. This was the impression one had when Tad's eyes were raised in eager questioning to one's face.

He bounded across the room and perched upon the arm of Thornton's chair.

"Say, Uncle Jack!" he exclaimed, "can't you make me some poetry to put on a valentine?"

"Make you some poetry to put on a valentine?" echoed Thornton, staring at his nephew. "What on earth do you want with a valentine with poetry on it?"

"I want to send it to my girl," was the prompt and confident answer.

"Oh, you do, do you?" Thornton stared still harder. "So even you, a chap of ten, have become a victim. Oh, Cupid, how merciless thou art!"

"I ain't no victim, an' I don't know what you're talking about," said Tad, waxing slightly indignant. "Ar you going to write the poetry?"

"Yes, perhaps—if I can." People usually did things Tad wanted done, if possible. "To what fair one is the effusion to be dedicated?"

"Talk so's a fellow can understand you," commanded the angel-orbed Tad.

"I ain't been through the dictionary yet."

"I mean to what young lady are you going to send the Valentine?" said Thornton, meekly.

"To Josie—Josie Blair. She's the prettiest girl in our class, an' I'm awfully in love with her. She's got blue eyes an' brown curls, an' she can beat us all spelling."

"Josie Blair," repeated Thornton. "Where does she live?"

"On Grace Street. Why, you know her, Uncle Jack. I saw you walking on Broad Street with her and her aunt one afternoon. Don't you remember?"

Thornton remembered quite well.

"There appears to be, so far as concerns this family, a certain fatality attached to Grace Street," he remarked.

"You are talking dictionary again," said Tad, frowning. "Do talk just plain talk, so's a fellow can know what you mean."

"Very well, I'll try."

"You see my girl's mad with me now," said Tad.

"She is! There is really no doubt about the fatality. In what way were you so unfortunate as to offend her?"

"I caught Jim Whitney whispering to her at the corner the other day, an' she wouldn't tell me what he was whispering about, an' I s'pose I was a little crosser to her 'n I ought to've been; anyway, she got mad an' ain't spoke to me since."

"You have my deepest sympathy," said Thornton, with entire truthfulness.

"It makes a fellow feel pretty bad to have his girl mad with him," went on Tad, with a look in his adorable eyes that might have won a nation. "An' so I'm going to try to get her pleased quick. Roy Smith says that when a girl's mad there's two ways of getting her pleased—one is to say something nice to her, and the other is to give her something. I'm going to try both ways together. Tomorrow is Valentine's day an' I'm going to send her just the prettiest valentine you ever saw—I paid ten cents for it—an' you are going to write me some poetry on the back of it. I'll go get it now an' you get ready to write."

He clattered away, and returned in a moment bringing the valentine which was a thing of brilliancy, if not, from an artist's point of view, a thing of beauty. It bore the words: "To My Sweetheart" in large red and gold letters.

Tad laid it face downward upon the desk, at which Thornton had seated himself, and said:

"Now put something awful nice on it."

"What shall I put?" asked Thornton. "The rose is red, the vio——"

"No, no; not that," interrupted his nephew, hastily. "Everybody knows that old thing. Put something made up—something to let her know I'm sorry I was cross," somewhat shamefacedly.

Thornton studied awhile and bit the end of his penholder. He had seldom indulged in the pastime of verse-making. At length he removed the pen from his mouth and wrote:

"I'm sorry I was cross to you,
My Sweetheart dear, with eyes of blue,
Forgive me, and I will be true,
Oh, sweetheart mine.
My jealously was wrong I know,
Yet, sweet, forgive—I beg you to,
For 'twas because I loved you so,
My Valentine."

Tad looked over Thornton's shoulder and read the "poetry" with deep satisfaction.

"That's firstrate," he said. "That'll bring her 'round, sure. You're a fine poetry writer, Unkle Jack."

Thornton sat silent for a moment, looking down at the freshly penned lines. Then he turned to his nephew.

"Tad," he said, "I've had trouble with my girl, too—trouble of very much the same nature as yours. Do you think that if I were to send her a valentine with a poem attached it would please her?"

"Yes, just try it. Who is your girl? Is it Josie's aunt?"

"Yes, it is Josie's aunt."

"I thought 'twas," said Tad grinning. "You just do like that an' she'll come 'round. Roy Smith says they always do." And with a confident nod of the shocky head, and a divine smile in the superb eyes, Tad took his gordeous valentine and departed.

Thornton sat at the desk biting the penholder for some time. Then he laid it down, arose, put on his hat and went down town.

About an hour later he returned, and seating himself again at the desk, drew from his vest pocket a tiny plush-covered box and examined its contents which flashed and glittered in the light. At length he set the box on the desk, took up the pen and some of his brother-in-law's choicest stationery, and wrote:

"Dear heart, forgive me for the hasty words
That from my lips in jealous frenzy fell;
Unjust they were, and wrong, yet pardon grant,
For 'twas because I loved you, sweet, so well.
Accept, I pray, this little gift I send,
And let my soul with hope's blest radiance shine,
By promising that you for aye will be
My best beloved and only Valentine."

These lines Thornton read over a good many times, then enclosed them with the plush-covered box in a larger box, which he carefully tied up and addressed to a certain number on Grace Street.

The next day the two victims of Cupid listened to each ring of the door-bell with a decided fluttering about their hearts.

It was almost dark and no message had come from the flat on Grace street. The victims sat together in the library the elder with spirits considerably lower than the thermometer, the younger still hopeful.

"Cupid is determined to be unkind to us, it appears, old fellow," said Thornton, at last, heaving a tremendous sigh. "I don't think we are going to hear from our valentines to-day."

"Oh, yes, I s'pect we will," responded Tad, though it must be confessed his tone implied just a trifle of uneasiness. "'Taint quite dark yet."

The shadows gradually grew dimmer, and it became so dusky in the room that the victims could not see each other's faces.

"I think we'd better light the gas, Unkle Jack, don't you?" said Tad presently. "It's kind 'er lonesome sitting here in the dark."

"The light won't drive the lonesomeness away, I fear, old chap," replied Thornton. "Cupid evidently intends to doom us to lonesomeness for the rest of our lives. But I'll light the gas."

He had scarcely done so when the door bell rang loudly several times, and in a moment the maid came upstairs with two letters. One she handed to Thornton, the other to Tad.

The victims hastily broke them open and devoured their contents. Tad's read:

"Dear Tad,—The valentine was lovely. I'm awfully sorry I got mad the other day. Can't you come over and play flinch with me this evening? Grandma will let us play in the dining-room.

"Yours truly, "JOSIE."

Thornton's read:

"Dearest Jack,—The beautiful gift and your dear lines received. I was as much to blame as you that evening. I have put on the sweet ring—it is just the right size—and will be your valentine now and always. I have no engagement for this evening.

"Your true and loving "EDITH."

The victims looked at each other. Tad's eyes were fairly glorious with triumph.

"Mine's all right," he said. "I knew 'twould be. Ain't yours?"

"Yes," said Thornton. "You're a trump, old fellow."

"Oh, I know about girls," said Tad sagely. "Roy Smith told me lots of things. If they're mad with you and you want to please 'em, just give 'em something pretty an' tell 'em something nice."

That evening a tall, handsome young man and a small, freckled-faced boy with adorable eyes, called at a certain flat on Grace Street and there received a charming welcome.

Passing strange, indeed, are the ways of Cupid with his victims!

COLLECTION OF COINS.

Some Very Rare From the Estate of Claas Denekas.

The National Museum has just received a fresh collection of coins from the estate of Claas Denekas, of Washington, who recently died here. The collection consists of about two hundred and fifty pieces, gold, silver and copper, with some quite rare and curious coins. The collection has been loaned to the museum and will be placed on exhibition as soon as it can be arranged and catalogued. Mr. Denekas, in addition to being quite a wealthy man, had a fondness for collecting curios of many sorts, and his personal estate contained quite a number, but it is only the coins that have found a temporary resting place in the museum.

Mr. Denekas was known in Washington as the originator of the compressed yeast cake, and it was from this that he made his money. Older residents of the city will remember very vividly the time when there were no yeast cakes and when the housekeeper had to send to the nearest bakery for yeast in a pitcher and time her making of bread by the baker's readiness to furnish the yeast. For the yeast would keep a comparatively short time, even on ice. Mr. Denekas started the yeast cake idea with a travelling outfit consisting of a small hand satchel, a few dozen yeast cakes and nothing else. He was engaged in a hard fight, too, for prior to that time there was what was known as the "cornmeal yeast cake," principally sold by the country people in the market. Sometimes this sort of solid yeast would raise bread, and about as often it would not, according to the way the yeast cake happened to feel. Usually the bread was sour, too. People who had tried this cornmeal experiment were naturally shy of anything in the shape of compressed yeast. But Mr. Denekas was convinced that he had a good thing, and he kept doggedly at the business till people found that compressed yeast would work and demanded it in preference to the bakery product. The demand once being created, Mr. Denekas's fortune was made and he died a wealthy man.—Washington Star.

Indian Music in South America.

In the remains of the vast Indian nation shattered by Pizarro, the Empire of the Incas, every man and boy, almost from the age where he can walk, is an adept on the simple reed flutes and Pandean pipes. They are a musical race; there are songs and airs for each season, for the planting, for the harvest, for the warlike deeds of the vanished caciques, for their gods of old to whom a new significance has been imposed by a pious Church, and the long drawn chants in praise of which, at their yearly gatherings, they pass down the history of their race. As there is no written language, there is no written music; it is handed down from generation to generation by the ear alone.

Their national instruments are but three in number: the flute—a reed about eighteen inches in length, with six holes, and a square slit at the end for a mouthpiece, played after the manner of a clarionet; the Pandean pipes—a series of seven reed tubes that, in the large ones, are four feet in length, and in the smaller ones scarcely as many inches; and the drum. The last is the universal instrument of all peoples; there are few races so low in the scale of human society as not to possess it. The Pandean pipes are in a double row, and, at the time of preparation for the Indians, or the intertribal wars, the outer series is filled with canassa, the native liquor, and the player receives the benefit of the intoxicating fumes without the delay incidental to drinking from the bottle.—Harper's Magazine.

How to Give a Book.

When the modern girl is in doubt about an appropriate gift she sends you a new book—a graceful little phrase or two by the way of presentation. Then it matters not whether the book be a Zachendorf or one of the three-for-a-dollar editions; you put that book on the shelf nearest your chair, and your eyes rest often and fondly upon it; when you open the book the voice of the giver reads you the story. Such a book will not let its giver be forgotten.

In water-colors or embroidery. If she has time and the character of the book permits, she extra illustrates it with photographs—engraved tones preferably. Then possibly she secures the autograph of the author for the first page.

But whatever the book may be she sends, she writes her name on the fly-leaf, and a graceful little phrase or two by the way of presentation. Then it matters not whether the book be a Zachendorf or one of the three-for-a-dollar editions; you put that book on the shelf nearest your chair, and your eyes rest often and fondly upon it; when you open the book the voice of the giver reads you the story. Such a book will not let its giver be forgotten.